

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Lexicographic Lint

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

**Xaagma Press
State College, Pa.
2006**

©2006 Ken Robinson.

First online PDF edition, 2006.

Xaagma Press, State College, Pa.

This publication is free and may be freely distributed as long as the content remains unmodified and the copyright and publication statements remain intact.

Tracks:

1. Prologue (8:58)
2. Lexicographic Lint (5:30)
3. Can't Get Nothing (3:52)
4. Trail to Grytvikken (18:11)
5. Turn Another Page (7:52)
6. This Is Nonsense (5:09)
7. All the Cream Cheese in the World (6:12)
8. Epilogue (3:12)

Bonus track:

9. Clothespin Bag (3:24)

All music and lyrics by Ken Robinson.

Produced by Ken Robinson.

Recorded Oct. 1999-Feb. 2000.

Editions:

mp3.com 41227: March 2000 (lacks bonus track)

ampcast.com: 2003

Xaagma Music XA-001: January 24, 2005

Prologue

the shades of time are open
therefore, lint must exist
it shall take any form whatsoever
as you walk through gates of delirium
you will notice that nothing has changed
all vacuum cleaners are broken

and, as the days unwind
darkness and light will become one
the kitchen sink shall continue to operate
yet, all tables will have four legs
in the central cortex of the galaxy
we will travel in time
where darkness and light are one
therefore, the insanity will be flushed away

Lexicographic Lint

i've got visions of insanity
i've got all kinds of airheads surrounding me
yes, i've got visions of insanity
i've got all kinds of airheads surrounding me
i can't get anywhere now, can't you see?
but, i'd rather find that one word from another world

gotta dusty lexicon
i'll be reading 'til the rising of the sun
surrender to the void
another adventure to an asteroid
that you see outside your window
the grass needs to be mowed

flying high above
the twilight zone is here now, so come along
tin turning to lead
like the unknown formations in my head
furniture floating through my mind
in the waves of time

lexicographic lint
i ate some ice cream that tasted like peppermint
then, satellite 22
a place where i spend my vacation rendezvous

my knowledge increased faster than the industrial revolution
it's because of this lexicon

Can't Get Nothing

walked into a grocery store yesterday
the weather was fine, you know
a bright, sunny day
asked the clerk for a gallon of milk
he said no

can't get no milk to drink
can't get no laces for my shoes
can't get no film for my camera
can't get no blue seeds for the toilet
can't get no tv dinners
can't get no kal kan for my dog
can't get no food for survival
can't get nothing

Trail to Grytvikken

how many times have you been able to think?
how can you tell when you're near socks that stink?
and how do you relate this all to the government?
how can you tell if your volume control needs adjustment?

i ran into an official who knew nothing at all
forgot to tie his shoelaces and took a fall
an occurrence that you might cherish for a lifetime
found a television on, wasn't on a clothesline
i guess i'm just looking for someplace

i'm on the trail to grytvikken
all you know, on the trail to grytvikken
in a bookcase, on the trail to grytvikken
public bathroom, on the trail to grytvikken

twenty odd years before in the middle of a wasteland
observing the soil imported from an agricultural van
how and why did you wander through lands bearing the suffix stan?
after the atmosphere emerges, the fleas start to fall
and no one can see at all

i'm on the trail to grytvikken
all you know, on the trail to grytvikken
in a bookcase, on the trail to grytvikken
public bathroom, on the trail to grytvikken

Turn Another Page

bubbles floating by me at a high velocity
and it seems to be some kind of synchronous pity
confusion at the symposium, radioactive uranium
mind distraction, visual disillusion
losing the talent of astrobiology
this lexicon is beginning to bore me

turn another page
it'll get you out of your cage
dissolving that uncontrollable rage
doesn't matter how much you've aged
nothing to do with your wages
just turn another page

bumping into towers of concrete
walked into the auditorium, can't find a seat
running around the appalachian forest
to the north there are refrigerators emitting cold
in the south are paragraphs processed in bold
in between there lies an old library
there are many shelves of books

turn another page
it'll get you out of your cage
dissolving that uncontrollable rage
doesn't matter how much you've aged
nothing to do with your wages
just turn another page

This Is Nonsense

sitting here in utter confusion
thinking about cultural diffusion
just hanging close to the edge
a million people cutting my hedge
wandering, looking for eclipses

a solid spoon resembling an ellipse
ask someone, they'll tell you that this is nonsense

aardvark sliding down a rainbow
running through a musical imbrolio
i sometimes get caught in transparent tape
walking around and stepping on a grape
while someone watches a chimney walk away
looking for a yacht down in the bay
beg someone to tell you that this is nonsense

naturally, I like to be a goof
looking for a non-existing poof
but sometimes I lose my common sense
a terrible thing that results in nonsense
yes, indeed there is a lawn mower
it was invented just yesterday, sir
and you've probably concluded, this is nonsense

All the Cream Cheese in the World

instrumental

Epilogue

the shades of time are now closed
therefore, lint cannot exist
then, what shall we do?

Clothespin Bag (bonus track)

instrumental